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From the London Orchestra.
MUSICAL REPORTERS.

It is impossible to prevent the natural operation of friendship, relationship, ties, and connexion; but a bias of this kind ought not to be turned to the disadvantage of others howmuchsoever it may operate in favor of the criticised. With these two principles of law and common sense—founded upon the high rule we have just quoted—as a guide for the judgment of your readers I proceed to lay before you and them a few extracts from *The Musical World*.

The records of Mme. Goddard-Davison's performances are for the most part reprints of notices of the *Times* and other morning papers with occasional translations from foreign publications. This lady's qualifications have been summed up again and again in the columns of the *Times* under the one and twenty heads: 1. "Refinement;" 2. "Vigor;" 3. "Animation;" 4. "Clearness;" 5. "Accuracy;" 6. "Enthusiasm;" 7. "Finish;" 8. "Brilliance;" 9. "Lightness;" 10. "Chastity;" 11. "Unerring mechanism;" 12. "Richness of Tone;" 13. "Earnestness;" 14. "Broadness;" 15. "Depth of sentiment;" 16. "Keen apprehension of recondite beauties;" 17. "Great intellectual qualifications;" 18. "Most surprising manual proficiency;" 19. "Extraordinary freaks of fancy;" 20. "Command over labyrinthine complexities;" 21. "Playing to perfection." This genial style of criticism has had its reflex operation on other journals; and I extract from *The Musical World* of 1st June, 1861, the following reprint from *The Morning Post*. The writer may have been Mr. Howard Glover, and if so one cannot but admire the curious felicity with which he has caught the peculiarity of language, the strong phraseology, and the sententious construction of the musical censor of the *Times* and *Musical World*.

"Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of S. Bennett's Concerto in E flat was one of those wondrous displays of instrumental executancy which can only be heard from the greatest artists when the God of Music completely possesses them. More perfect playing it were impossible to imagine, unless anything better than unerring mechanism, tone of the richest and most sympathetic kinds, and feeling warm and chaste as the first love of girlhood could be conceived."

One other short extract translated and transferred to the pages of the *Musical World*:—

"MISS GODDARD'S GRAND CONCERT.—The impression produced by this young lady's performance upon the hearers is of such an artistically harmonic and agreeable description that it is a very difficult task for us to tear ourselves from the agreeable labor of sweet enjoyment. Her elastic, resonant touch, the technical perfection of her performance of melodic passages, the beauty of her song, and the finished purity and elegance of her style, even in its minutest details, hardly allow us to remark the Hellenic repose with which the greatest difficulties are overcome, and the profoundest mysteries of musical mysticism unriddled. The happy, joyous disposition of this graceful daughter of Albion is reflected in her style obscured by no confused hurry-scurry, and causes us to sympathise with all the beauties of the amiable artist—beauties which she has gained *ex professo* beyond the limits of well-schooled virtuosity."

I now reverse the medal. It is a melancholy sight, and I cannot but feel sorrow and pain in perusing so much remark offensive on pianists of almost world renowned celebrity.

It is notorious that Mr. James William Davison is the proprietor of *The Musical World*; his biog-

rapher distinctly states that he became so in 1843; and being his intimate friend there can be no reason to doubt the fact. At the time Mr. Davison assumed the reins of criticism we are told "musical criticism in England was at its lowest standard, conducted for the most part by men wholly ignorant of the subject and dismissed with a flippant triviality that was a poor mask for their incompetency to treat it." Great credit has been given to Mr. Davison by his biographer for amending this unhappy state of things, and his efforts have culminated to a point which must surely cause the utmost distress even to his friends. Every one we presume is acquainted with the great abilities of Jael, one of the foreign pianists, and who, when visiting this country appeared at some of the soirees of the Musical Union. Jael is a very fine player, and gave great delight to his audience. His efforts were thus chronicled in the *Musical World*:—

"There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who came up to London by rail;
But his patron John Ella,
(Tho' now so much sweller)
Had to come up on foot from Kinsale.

"There was an old pianist called Jael,
Who to please those he played for did fail;
When a few notes they heard
They cried 'How absurd
To set up as pianist this Jael.'

"There was an old pianist called Jael,
Whose progress was slow as a snail;
So his patron John Ella,
Nearly broke his patella
In trying to kick on this Jael."

To those who have heard Thalberg, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Leopold Meyer in their day and hour of great playing, it is difficult to conceive that anything more could ever be done on the pianoforte. But in 1857 there came to England a pianist who did much that these four giants had done; and left undone some things that they had done; but in one respect he had made an advance. Until Rubenstein appeared—for it is of him I write—no pianoforte player could execute arpeggio passages without the break being heard and distinguished. But with Rubenstein his arpeggios were a unity, and were the most marvellous of the marvellous. He was in every respect a transcendent player and infinitely beyond most, if not all his contemporaries. The *Times* of the 19th of May, 1857, thus sums up his playing:

"A pianist should treat his instrument rather as a friend than an enemy—caress rather than bully it; but Herr Rubenstein seats himself at the piano with a seeming determination to punish it."

The next victim of this miserable Pasquin is that excellent pianist and charming composer M. Ascher. I owe to this gentleman who has given the professors and amateurs of this country such repeated evidences of his good taste and rare ability in the construction of light movements for the piano, too much respect to quote the lampoon on his private affairs.

In this way is exercised the office of critic in the pages of *The Musical World*. Such is honor, impartiality, and justice in the columns of this journal. Such is the scan measure of a distinguished musician and upon which public attention is asked to be fixed and riveted. There may be no mercenary, sordid, and base motives in the concoction of public writing of this kind, but it is most assuredly a style of notice pregnant with very mischievous consequences, and one which every just man would desire to put down. It may

not be "Black mail"—but it is unquestionably a mode of dealing with the fortune and reputation, success and happiness of an honorable professor abhorrent to every right minded person. The victims of black-mail are to be pitied—the practisers in black-mail have been denounced, and as I hope extinguished. But it would be idle to pretend to sympathise with the foreign artist, and at the same time to use no exertion for the uprooting of a system of a far graver character, and a full exposure of its dark and cruel perpetrators.

Before concluding I trespass on your room in quoting two verses—one on M. Pauer, the other on M. Halle. The latter, as you are aware, is a frequent performer at the Monday Popular Concerts. I quote from the *Musical World*, June 18th, 1864. The verses I presume refer to the respective performance of these gentlemen of the Concerto in G by Beethoven—

"There was an old pianist called Pauer,
Who practiced his scales by the hour;
Who became so expert
That he tried a concert-
-o in G, but that wanted more power.
(Pauer.)

"There was an old pianist called Halle,
Who said 'Let's have no shilly shally;
For Beethoven in G,
There's no other than me;
As to Pauer—he's a taw to an al'ey.'"

Now I pray your readers to bear in mind that the editor of the *Musical World* is also musical editor of the *Times* newspaper, the editor of the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts, and the husband of Mme. Goddard Davison. No one can for a moment imagine that the *Times* paper could be made the vehicle of such ribaldry and injustice as I have extracted from the *Musical World*; and one cannot but admire the ingenuity displayed by the writer in keeping up a double state of mind—one of control and caution for the great morning journal, and another of abandon and fling for his own journal. But still I maintain this is not a healthy state of the critical mind, and must much diminish both his power and his usefulness. Mr. Ella deserves the respect and congratulations of the musical public in calling attention to this anomalous position of a member of the musical press, and I trust there may be reformation where reformation is plainly needed. Mr. Davison's biographer described musical reporters as "men wholly ignorant of the subject" marked by "a flippant triviality that is a poor mask for incompetency." Such as these may defer to such musical knowledge as Mr. Davison may possess—but of this one thing I am most confident, there is not one musical journalist of any repute who would for a moment approve of the sad and mischievous perversions and scandals which disgrace the pages of this gentleman's journal.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, HISTORICUS.

THE "FROST FLOWER" OF RUSSIA. PRODUCED IN BOSTON.—A Boston journal describes an extraordinary "frost flower" of Russia, which has been produced it is said, in Boston, in a temperature of artificial cold, in the following words: This wonderful plant, or rather flower, is found only on the northern boundaries of Siberia, where the snow is eternal. It was discovered in 1863 by Count Swinosskoff, the eminent Russian botanist, who was ennobled by the Czar for his discovery. Bursting from the frozen snow on the first day of the year, it grows to the height of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower for twenty-four hours and then

dissolves itself into its original element—stem, leaves, and flowers, being of the finest snow. The stalk is about one inch in diameter; the leaves, three in number, in the broadest part are an inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitesimal cones of snow; they grow only on one side of the stalk, to the north, curving gracefully in the same direction. The former, when fully expanded, is in shape a perfect star; the petals are three inches in length, half an inch wide in the broadest parts, and tapering sharply to a point. These are also interlaced, one with another, in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost-work that the eye ever beheld; for truly this is frost-work the most wonderful. The anthers are five in number, and on the third day after the birth of the "flower of snow" are to be seen on the extremities thereof, trembling and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this wonderful flower, about as large as a pin's head. The old botanist says when first he beheld this flower, "I was dumb with astonishment; filled with wonderment, which gave way to joy the most ecstatic on beholding this wonderful work of nature, this remarkable phenomena of snow. To see this flower springing from the snowy desert—born of its own composite atoms. I touched the stem of one lightly, but it fell at my touch, and a morsel of snow only remained in my hand." Gathering some of the flowers in snow, in order to preserve the little diamond-like seeds, he hied to St. Petersburg with, to him, the greatest prize of his life time. All through the year they were kept in snow, and on the first day of the year following the Court of St. Petersburg were delighted with the bursting forth of the wonderful "frost flower!" Our friends in Boston succeeded in obtaining several of the seeds, and all through the summer and autumn they have been imbedded in snow brought at great expense from the White Mountains and the coast of Labrador; and they now have the most unbounded satisfaction and pleasure in announcing that all signs are favorable to the realization of their fondest hopes, the production of the "flower of snow." The snow and ice are in a large glass refrigerator, with the thermometer forty-five degrees below zero, and the solid bed of snow has already begun to show little fissures and a slight bulging in the center; unmistakable evidences of the forthcoming of the phenomenon.

THE contract for erecting a monument to commemorate the battle of Gettysburg, to be erected on the field where that decisive conflict was waged, has been awarded to James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, who designed the accepted plan. The monument is twenty-three feet square at the base and fifty-five feet high. At the angles of the base are four buttresses, each supporting a colossal statue in a sitting posture. These statues are allegorical, and represent respectively, War, History, Peace and Plenty. War is represented by the figure of an American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle and the names of the honored dead, while History, with her stylus and tablet, writes down the imperishable record. The corresponding statues symbolize Peace and Plenty. Peace is represented by a mechanic with the implements of his trade about him. Plenty is typified by a female figure with sheaf of wheat and ploughshare. These last figures indicate the industry and activity which shall succeed the ravages of war, and the abundance and prosperity which are the crowning results of the glorious victory here achieved.

Upon the richly moulded cornice rests an octagonal plinth, bearing in basso relievo the coat of arms of the United States. On the shaft above and encircling it are eighteen stars in basso relievo, representing the States which remained loyal throughout the fiery trial.

The Capitol is finely moulded, and supports a

three quarter globe, upon which stands the colossal statue, fifteen feet high, representing the Genius of Liberty, clasping within her left arm the folds of the American flag, while in her raised right hand she holds the victor's wreath of laurel. The pedestal is to be made of fine white granite, and the statues of white American marble. The structure will cost about \$50,000.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Mlle. Mela, the boasted female tenor, expected to eclipse every *tenorino* living, is reported to have made a *fiasco* at Les Italiens, Paris, at her *debut* as her voice rated as pure, high, *contralto* did not appear when accompanied by full band.

A once great celebrity in pianism who made a brilliant professional tour in this country long time ago, and is also large in pianoforte manufacture at Paris, where Le Salle Herz is a musical rendezvous, has taken in his decline to writing up his reminiscences of professional life in America. He is savage upon us, like almost every other foreigner who has been honored, feasted, and enriched by his American tours, and not especially careful in narrations about the facts which base his funny stories about Yankee habits, taste, and manners. Herz's compositions and his pianofortes are now *passées*. He does not retire gracefully but vindictively from the field, but in this *brochure*, shows that he is terribly chagrined.

Messrs. Metzler, of London, sold by auction their stock of music plates and copyrights on the 7th inst., including 55,000 music plates, because the senior partner retired.

The 4th Philharmonic Concert had for programme Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Spohr's Overture—"Bergeist,"—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Hummel's Concerto in B minor, Chopin's "Scherzo," [with other light pieces to fill up. Mlle. Mehlig played the piano and Mlle. Sinico and Tom Hohler sang.

Mrs. Tennant gives a grand *matinee musicale* at "the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire's residence on May 15th, with a variety of talent, including Carlo Patti, the violinist."

Sims Reeves had strong announcement for his usual quantity of concerts, but one-half of them probably missed his voice.

The London *Times* rather favors Tom Hohler, and is very gracious to Mlle. Titiens, especially as "Fidelio."

Lucca's first appearance in Gye's Opera is reported to have been a gala night. She was supported by Mario, Graziani, Attri, and Morensi, in performance of Gounod's "Faust."

The *Musical World* imagines her Marguerita to be improved since last year, as her soprano—one of the most splendid now to be heard, extended in compass, bright, resonant, and powerful in all its tones—was never in better order, and that she makes no less progress as a singer than as an actress, was evidenced by the fluency which imparted increased animation to her—always brilliant—execution of the "Air des Bijoux." Leonora—"La Favorita"—was her next role, and Morensi's—Nancy in Flotow's perennial "Martha"—in which Brignoli appeared. Lively anticipations prevailed about Mme. Marie de Wilda's "Norma," with Brignoli (!) as Pollio.

Molique's farewell concert at St. James' Hall, on April 30th, had a magnificent programme, including Anna Molique, Mlle. Leibhardt, Miss Palmer, Parepa, Mme. Dolby, Reeves, Strauss, Santley, Piatti, Carrodus, Wilbye Cooper, Pauer, Lewis, Thomas, &c., with Lindsay Sloper, W. Ganz, Randegger, Giuglielmo, and Benedict to conduct it. Tickets varied in price from 21s. down to 2s. to suit tastes and pockets.

A writer in the *Musical World* pitches into Lady Wallace's translation of Beethoven's correspondence, right smart and sharp, mainly to criticise the rendering of German into English.

Charles Halle's benefit concert at the Monday Popular is closely reviewed in that journal, favorably, as regards performance, enthusiastically as to Schubert's Sonata in A, with quotations interpolated to illustrate their ecstasies about it, and reverently in respect to Beethoven's great violoncello Sonata in A major, concluding with the assertion that Haydn's trio in C, for piano, violin and cello, is perhaps the finest of his 29.

Mlle. Bettelheim is commended for wise choice of her first air, "In diese Hande" of Bach, but denied praise for Esser's "In Spring's Young Bloom," although most applauded in that.

The piano-forte manufacture does not seem to progress rapidly at Paris, if the statistics reported are correct.

Perrin, who has so long managed L'Academie, has—if the *Musical World's* correspondent be well-informed—triumphed over all his rivals in competition for the lease of that grand establishment, in spite of the odds laid against his success recently in the Jockey Club saloons. That much-abused person has been nominated *directeur entrepreneur* of "L'Academie Imperial de Musique," and, lo! many are disappointed. As usual when a man is successful, many who abused, now turn around and praise, the rising sun of grand opera, saying he is the right man in the right place at L'Academie. "Don Juan" began to draw, and, therefore, Naudin and Faure were bought off from Gye's opera for an other fortnight, so as to reap all the golden harvest. The *World's* correspondent thinks little of its performance as before, but judge that Parisians care very little for the singers, but somehow Mozart's tones seem to tickle their ears, and the ballet introduced is really worthy of L'Academie; while its patrons pool-pool the idea of "Don Juan" being produced at Le Theatre Lyrique, and desire to show M. Cavarilho what his company cannot do. Spunky Monsieur Cavarilho, however, is determined to improve upon Perrin's *melange*, and break up "Don Giovanni" into eight or ten acts or tableaux, with a ballet still more elaborate and *outré* than Perrin's.

Louis Napoleon and Rossini are censured by that correspondent for dividing, at their concerts, the artists into nationalities; first giving Italian, then French, but no ill-feeling is said to exist between those emperors because Rossini employed Le Conservatoire pupils at his villa.

A celebrated Russian *danseuse* called Grantzoff is engaged at L'Academie for "La Giselle," "Nemea," "La Sylphide," and St. Leon's new ballet of action, composed expressly to show off her *pas*.

Le *Menestrel* asserts that Scribe planned the great duet in "Les Huguenots," in minute direction, and Meyerbeer did not invent that *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic intensity.

The female tenor—Mela—found great embarrassment in procuring a female to sing in her extraordinary representations at Les Italiens, but finally Eugénie Sorandri consented to brave the foot-lights in Mela's company.

Titiens, Sinico, Stagno, Gassier, and Santley have done up "Der Freischutz," and "Faust" had Titiens, Gassier, Santley, Gardoni and Bettelheim to make a remarkably good performance at Mapleson's, where, after some delay, Louise Lichtmay did appear as Leonora in Verdi's constant "Il Trovatore," with the famous *tenore robusto*, Mongini, as Manrico, on April 28th.

At the National Choral Society's concert "Israel in Egypt" had creditable performance of its choral portion; an encore was granted to Wilbye Cooper for "The enemy said," and Santley with, Connecticut's boast, Foley, were vociferously compelled to repeat "The Lord is a man of war."

Its conductor—G. W. Martin—gave at Sydenham Palace, on May-day, a performance with five thousand children from London schools.

The *World's* correspondent writes adversely